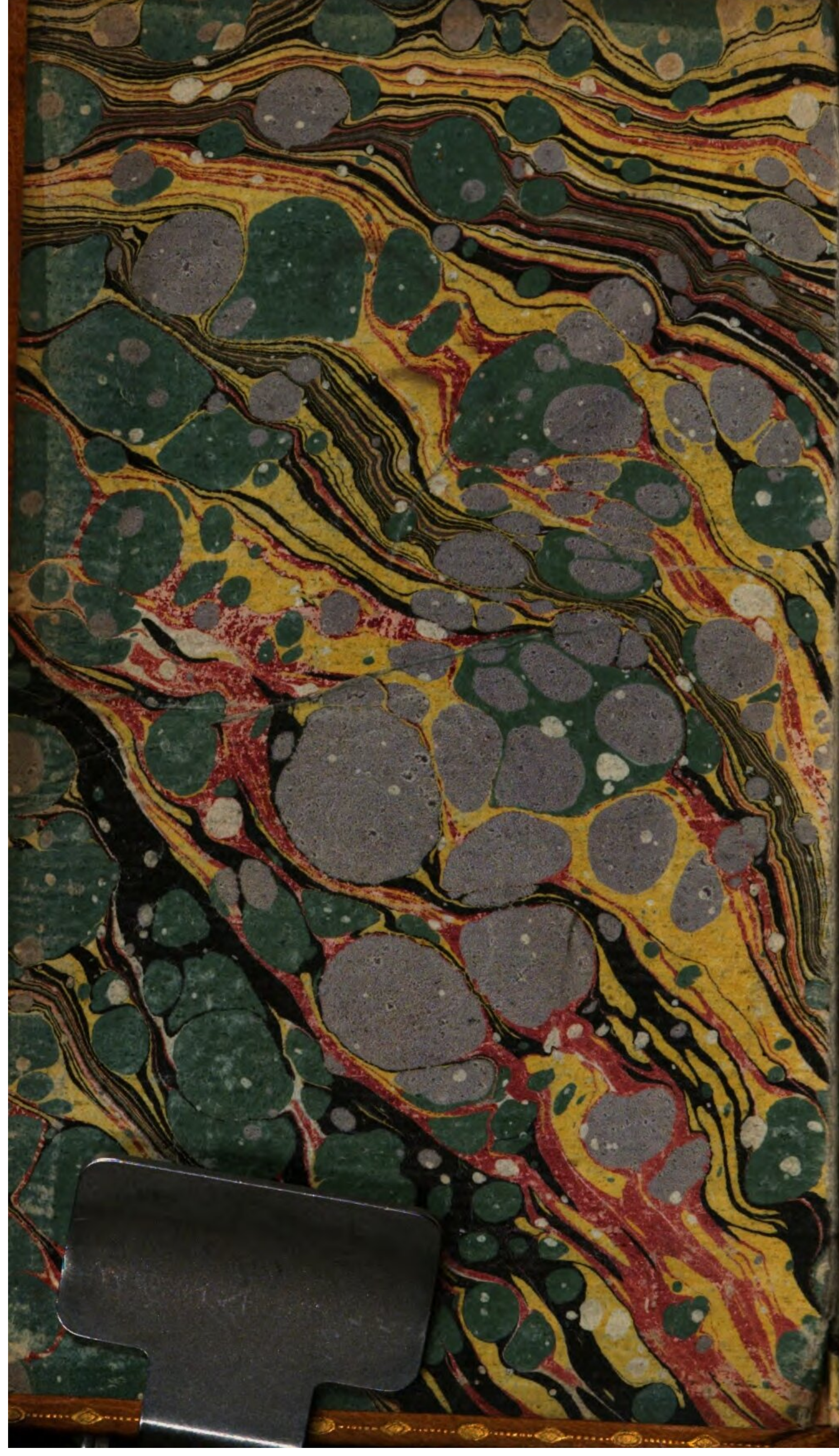








Theatre

B. L. angl. pag. 195.

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Christina

Christina

Christina

7

Act IV.

DOUGLAS.



Do Withe ad. vlt. pte.

Bromley sculp.

MR. HOLMAN as DOUGLAS.

— Say, who was my Father?

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, April 7th 1791.

DOUGLAS.

TRAGEDY.

BY JOHN HORN.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL

DRURY LANE, LONDON.

REVISED FROM THE ENGLISH VERSION.

By Permission of the Managers.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BALL, British Library, Strand.

Presented to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

18 DEC 1851

76



W. H. HOLMES & NOYES, JR.
100 N. 1st St. Phila. Pa.

DOUGLAS.

A
TRAGEDY.

BY JOHN HOME.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES - ROYAL
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

“The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

LONDON :

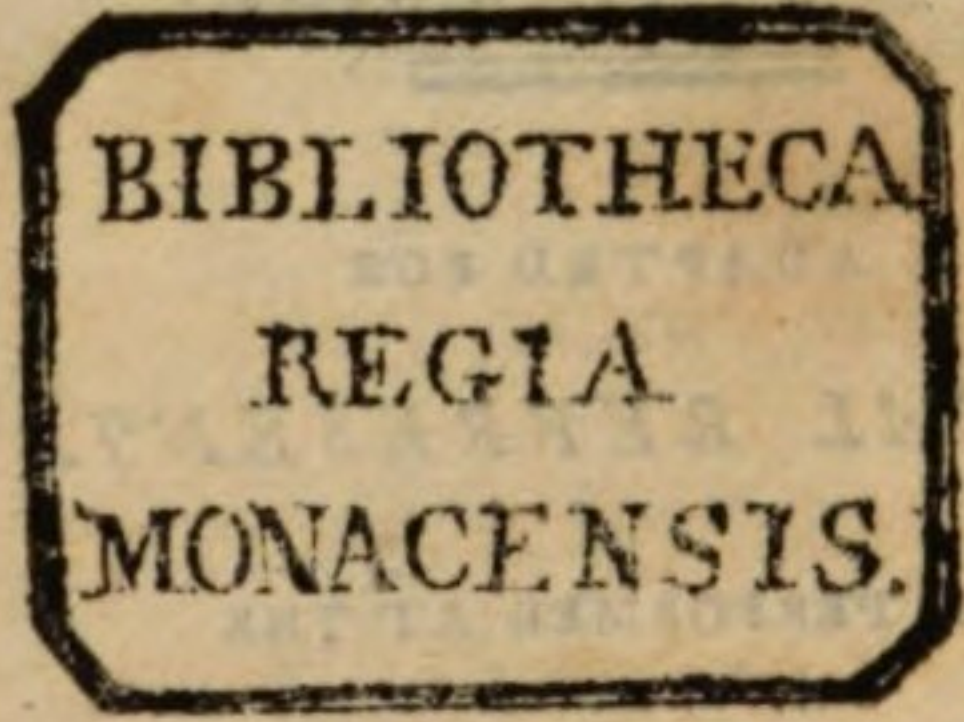
Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, *British-Library*, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC XCI.

DOUGLAS.

TRAGEDY.

BY JOHN HOME.



THEATRE-ROYAL.

BRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

RECEIVED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK.

By Permission of the Managers.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, and sold by the
Booksellers, in Pall-mall, and in the Strand.
By the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.
MDCCLXXII.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

GEORGE

PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

IN Dedications, especially those which Poets write, Mankind expect to find little Sentiment, and less Truth. A grateful Imagination adorns its Benefactor with every Virtue, and even flatters with Sincerity. Hence the Portrait of each Patron of the Muses is drawn with the same Outline, and finished as a Model of Perfection. Instructed by the Errors of others, I presume not to make the Panegyrick of the Prince of WALES, nor to extol the Patronage of Literature as the most shining Quality of a Prince. Your Royal Highness will permit me to mention one sort of Patronage which can never be praised too much; that, I mean, which extending its Influence to the whole Society, forms and excites the Genius of Individuals by exalting the Spirit of the State.

Institutions, that revive, in a great and highly civilized People those Virtues of Courage, Manhood, and Love of their Country, which are most apt, in the Progress of Refinement, to decay, produce at the same

time that pleasing and ornamental Genius, which cannot subsist in a Mind that does not partake of those Qualities which it describes. This is an Observation which has escaped the Notice of the greater Part of Writers, who have inquired into the Causes of the Growth and Decay of Poetry and Eloquence; but it has not escaped the Penetration of LONGINUS, who writing in the Decline of the ROMAN Empire, and lamenting that the true Sublime was not to be found in the Works of his Time, boldly imputes that Defect to the Change of Policy; and enumerates with Indignation the Vices of Avarice, Effeminacy, and Pusillanimity, which, arising from the Loss of Liberty, had so enthralled and debased the Minds of Men, that they could not look up, as he calls it, to any thing elevated and sublime: And here, as in other Questions, the great Critic quotes the Authority of his Master HOMER. The Day of Slavery bereaves a Man of half his Virtue. The Experience of succeeding Times has shewn that Genius is affected by Changes less violent than the Loss of Liberty; that it ever flourishes in Times of Vigour and Enterprize, and languishes amidst the sure Corruption of an inactive Age.

Your Royal Highness, as Heir Apparent of the British Empire, hath in view the noblest Field that ever a laudable Ambition entered. The envied State of this Nation cannot remain precisely as it is; the

*Tide must flow, or ebb faster than it has ever flowed.
A Prince destined in such a Period to reign, begins a
memorable Era of Perfection or Degeneracy. The
serious Cares and princely Studies of your Youth,
the visible Tenor of your generous and constant
Mind, have filled the Breasts of all good Men with
hopes of you equal to their Wishes. That these
Hopes may be fulfilled in their utmost Extent, is the
sincere and ardent Prayer of*

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble

Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

JOHN HOME.

JOHN HOME.

THE Author of the Tragedy of *Douglas* was originally designed for the Ministry---The *Biographia* remarks, that looking upon Tragedy as a Moral Poem, inculcating the purest principles of Religion, he did not imagine the particular designation of his life as at all exempting him from thus indulging in the strong bent of Genius:—He accordingly composed the Tragedy of *Douglas*.

The Kirk of Scotland however, conscientiously no doubt, endeavoured to win over this stray child from presumed perdition, and finding him resolutely bent upon standing the hazard of the die, they charitably persecuted not merely himself, but those who encouraged our young Bard.

If he bore up against all this inveterate wrong, he had the success of his piece to console him for what he might lose, and what was certainly better still for HOME, the attention of the Earl of BUTE, who, like a true *Mæcenas*, introduced him to the

knowledge of his AUGUSTUS, our present gracious SOVEREIGN, then Prince of Wales: this assured Mr. HOME the comforts of a *pension*, and we believe a *place*.—He “has kept the noiseless
“tenour of his way,” known only to his Friends and to the Muses.

The following are his Dramas:

1 DOUGLAS, <i>printed</i>	1757	4 FATAL DISCOVERY	1769
2 AGIS - - -	1758	5 ALONZA - - -	1773
3 SIEGE OF AQUILEIA	1760	6 ALFRED - - -	1778

DOUGLAS.

MR. GRAY offers an opinion upon this tragedy so consonant with that of the present writer, that he claims permission to cite it, as, poetically, an authority perhaps the *highest*. “ I am greatly struck with
“ the tragedy of Douglas, though it has infinite faults:
“ the author seems to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for these
“ hundred years; and there is one scene between Matilda and the old peasant so masterly, that it strikes
“ me blind to all the defects in the world.”

This tragedy abounds in nervous picturesque and pathetic writing; the chief incidents are extracted from an ancient Scottish Ballad, entitled CHILD MAURICE.—To supply curiosity with a reference at hand, it is here printed correctly :—

CHILD MAURICE.

CHILD MAURICE was an erle's son
His name it waxed wide ;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yit his meikle pride,
But for his dame, a lady gay
Wha livd on Carron side.

- ‘ Whar sall I get a bonny boy
‘ That will win hose and shoen,
‘ That will gae to lord Barnard’s ha,
‘ And bid his lady come ?
- ‘ And ye maun rin errand Willie,
‘ And ye maun rin wi speid ;
‘ When ither boys gang on their feet
‘ Ye sall ha prancing steid.’
- “ O no ! oh no ! my master deir !
“ I dar na for my life ;
“ I’ll no gae to the bauld barons,
“ For to triest furth his wife.”
- ‘ My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
‘ My deir Willie, he said,
‘ How can ye strive against the streim ?
‘ For I sall be obey’d.’
- “ But O my master deir ! he cryd,
“ In grenewode ye’re your lane :
“ Gi owr sic thochts I wald ye red,
“ For feir ye sold be tane.”
- ‘ Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,
‘ Bid her come here wi speid ;
‘ If ye refuse my hie command,
‘ I’ll gar your body bleid.
- ‘ Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
‘ Tis a gowd bot the hem ;
‘ Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
‘ Ein by hersel alane :

‘ And there it is, a silken sark,
‘ Her ain hand sewd the sleive ;
‘ And bid her come to Child Maurice ;
‘ Speir nae bauld baron’s leive.’

“ Yes I will gae your black errand,
“ Thouch it be to your cost ;
“ Sen ye will nae be warnd by me,
“ In it ye sall find frost.

“ The baron he’s a man o micht,
“ He neir could bide to taunt :
“ And ye will see before its nicht,
“ Sma cause ye ha to vaunt.

“ And sen I maun your errand rin,
“ Sae sair against my will,
“ I’se mak a vow, and keip it trow,
“ It sall be done for ill.”

Whan he cam to the broken brig,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And whan he came to grass growing,
Sat down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnard’s yeat,
Wold neither chap nor ca,
But set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa.

He wald na tell the man his errand
Thoch he stude at the yeat ;
But streight into the ha he cam,
Whar they were set at meat.

- ‘ Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
 ‘ My message winna wait,
 ‘ Dame, ye maun to the grenewode gae,
 ‘ Afore that it be late.
 ‘ Ye’re bidden tak this gay mantel,
 ‘ Tis a gowd bot the hem :
 ‘ Ye maun haste to the gude grenewode,
 ‘ Ein by yoursel alane.
 ‘ And there it is, a silken sark,
 ‘ Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;
 ‘ Ye maun gae speik to Child Maurice ;
 ‘ Speir nae bauld baron’s leive.”

The lady stamped wi her foot,
 And winked wi her eie ;
 But a that she cold say or do,
 Forbidden he wald nae be.

- “ It’s surely to my bower-woman,
 “ It neir cold be to me.”
 ‘ I brocht it to lord Barnard’s lady,
 ‘ I trow that ye be shee.’

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon her knie,)
 “ If it be cum from Child Maurice
 “ It’s deir welcum to me.”

- ‘ Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,
 ‘ Sae loud as I heir ye lie ;
 ‘ I brocht it to lord Barnard’s lady
 ‘ I trow ye be nae shee.’

Then up and spake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he :
He has tane the table wi his foot,
Sae has he wi his knie,
Till crystal cup and ezar dish
In flinders he gard flie.

“ Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
“ Wi a the haste ye can,
“ And I’ll gae to the gude grenewode,
“ And speik wi your leman.”

‘ O bide at hame now lord Barnard !
‘ I ward ye bide at hame ;
‘ Neir wyte a man for violence,
‘ Wha neir wyte ye wi nane.’

Child Maurice sat in the grenewode,
He whistled and he sang :
“ O what meins a the folk coming ?
“ My mother tarries lang.”

The baron to the grenewode cam,
Wi meikle dule and care ;
And there he first spyd Child Maurice,
Kaming his yellow hair.

‘ Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,
‘ My lady loes thee weil :
‘ The fairest part of my body
‘ Is blacker than thy heil.
‘ Yet neir the less now, Child Maurice,
‘ For a thy great bewtie,

‘ Ye’se rew the day ye eir was born ;
‘ That head sall gae wi me.’

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaied ovr the strae ;
And throuch Child Maurice fair body
He gar’d the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid,
And set it on a speir ;
The meimest man in a his train,
Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Child Maurice up,
Laid him across his steid ;
And brocht him to his painted bower
And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the castle wa
Beheld baith dale and down ;
And there she saw Child Maurice heid
Cum trailing to the toun.

“ Better I loe that bluidy heid,
“ Bot and that yellow hair,
“ Than lord Barnard and a his lands
“ As they lig here and there.”

And she has tane Child Maurice heid,
And kissed baith cheik and chin ;
“ I was anes fow of Child Maurice
“ As the hip is o the stane.

“ I gat ye in my father’s house
“ Wi meikle sin and shame ;

Bijj

“ I brocht ye up in the grenewode
“ Ken’d to mysel alane :

“ Aft have I by thy craddle sitten,
“ And fondly sein thee sleip ;
“ But now I maun gae ’bout thy grave
“ A mother’s teirs to weip.”

Again she kiss’d his bluidy cheik,
Again his bluidy chin ;
“ O better I looed my son Maurice,
“ Than a my kyth and kin !”

‘ Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
‘ An ill dethe may ye die !
‘ Gin I had ken’d he was your son
‘ He had neir bein slayne by me.’

“ Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !
“ Obraid me not for shame !
“ Wi that sam speir, O perce my heart,
“ And save me frae my pain !

“ Since naething but Child Maurice heid
“ Thy jealous rage cold quell
“ Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,
“ That neir to thee did ill.

“ To me nae after days nor nichts
“ Will eir be saft or kind :
“ I’ll fill the air with heavy sighs,
“ And greit till I be blind.”

‘ Eneuch of bluid by me’s been spilt,
‘ Seek not your dethe frae me ;

‘ I’d rather far it had been mysel,
‘ Than either him or thee.

‘ Wi hopeless wae I hear your plaint,
‘ Sair, sair, I rue the deid.—
‘ That eir this cursed hand of mine
‘ Sold gar his body bleid !

‘ Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
‘ They neir can heal the wound ;
‘ Ye see his heid upon the speir,
‘ His heart’s bluid on the ground.

‘ I curse the hand that did the deid,
‘ The heart that thocht the ill,
‘ The feet that bare me wi sic speid,
‘ The comely youth to kill.

‘ I’ll aye lament for Child Maurice
‘ As gin he war my ain ;
‘ I’ll neir forget the dreiry day
‘ On which the youth was slain.’

PROLOGUE.

*IN antient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
And the lov'd music of her youth, alarms;
A godlike race sustain'd fair England's fame :
Who has not heard of gallant PIERCY's name ?
Ay, and of DOUGLAS ? Such illustrious foes
In rival Rome and Carthage never rose !
From age to age bright shone the British fire,
And every hero was a hero's sire.
When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up sprung the phœnix from his parent's tomb.
But whilst those generous rivals fought and fell,
Those generous rivals lov'd each other well :
Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
When PIERCY wrong'd, defy'd his prince or peers,
Fast came the DOUGLAS with his Scottish spears ;
And, when proud DOUGLAS made his King his foe,
For DOUGLAS, PIERCY bent his English bow.
Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate :
Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tow'r.*

*This night a DOUGLAS your protection claims ;
A wife! a mother! Pity's softest names :
The story of her woes indulgent hear,
And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.
In confidence she begs ; and hopes to find
Each English breast, like noble PIERCY's, kind.*

PROLOGUE.
SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.

*IN days of classic fame, when Persia's Lord
Oppos'd his millions to the Grecian sword,
Flourish'd the state of Athens, small her store,
Rugged her soil, and rocky was her shore,
Like Caledonia's : yet she gain'd a name
That stands unrival'd in the rolls of fame.*

*Such proud pre-eminence not valour gave,
(For who than Sparta's dauntless sons more brave?)
But learning, and the love of every art,
That virgin Pallas and the Muse impart.*

*Above the rest the Tragic Muse admir'd
Each Attic breast with noblest passions fir'd.
In peace their poets with their heroes shar'd
Glory, the hero's, and the bard's reward.
The Tragic Muse each glorious record kept,
And, o'er the kings she conquer'd, Athens wept*.*

*Here let me cease, impatient for the scene,
To you I need not praise the Tragic Queen:
Oft has this audience soft compassion shown
To woes of heroes, heroes not their own.*

* See the PERSAI of Æschylus.

*This night our scenes no common tear demand,
He comes, the hero of your native land !
DOUGLAS, a name thro' all the world renown'd,
A name that rouses like the trumpet's sound !
Oft have your fathers, prodigal of life,
A DOUGLAS follow'd thro' the bloody strife ;
Hosts have been known at that dread name to yield,
And, DOUGLAS dead, his name hath won the field.*

*Listen attentive to the various tale,
Mark if the author's kindred feelings fail ;
Sway'd by alternate hopes, alternate fears,
He waits the test of your congenial tears.
If they shall flow, back to the muse he flies,
And bids your heroes in succession rise ;
Collects the wand'ring warriors as they roam,
DOUGLAS assures them of a welcome home.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

LORD RANDOLPH	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
GLENALVON	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
NORVAL	-	-	-	Mr. Kemble.
STRANGER	-	-	-	Mr. Bensley.

Women.

LADY RANDOLPH	-	-	-	Mrs. Siddons.
ANNA	-	-	-	Mrs. Ward.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

LORD RANDOLPH	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
GLENALVON	-	-	-	Mr. Harley.
NORVAL	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
DOUGLAS	-	-	-	Mr. Holman.

Women.

LADY RANDOLPH	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
ANNA	-	-	-	Mrs. Rock.



DOUGLAS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of a Castle, surrounded with Woods. Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady Randolph.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewel a while: I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
Oh, Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.—

To thee I lift my voice ; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
O disregard me not ; tho' I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Again these weeds of woe ! say, dost thou well
To feed a passion which consumes thy life ?
The living claim some duty ; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady R. Silent, alas ! is he for whom I mourn :
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.

“ This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
“ Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.

“ *Lord R.* When was it pure of sadness ! These
black weeds

“ Express the wonted colour of thy mind,
“ For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
“ Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred ties :
“ Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
“ Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy.”
Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,
“ As the sea smoothes the prints made in the sand,”
Has pass'd o'er thee in vain.

“ *Lady R.* If time to come
 “ Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my lord,
 “ Thou cans’t not blame me. When our Scottish
 youth
 “ Vy’d with each other for my luckless love,
 “ Oft I besought them, I implor’d them all
 “ Not to assail me with my father’s aid,
 “ Nor blend their better destiny with mine.
 “ For melancholy had congeal’d my blood,
 “ And froze affection in my chilly breast.
 “ At last my Sire, rous’d with the base attempt
 “ To force me from him, which thou rend’red’st vain,
 “ To his own daughter bow’d his hoary head,
 “ Besought me to commiserate his age,
 “ And vow’d he should not, could not die in peace,
 “ Unless he saw me wedded, and secur’d
 “ From violence and outrage. Then, my lord !
 “ In my extreme distress I call’d on thee,
 “ Thee I bespake, profess’d my strong desire
 “ To lead a single, solitary life,
 “ And begg’d thy Nobleness, not to demand
 “ Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.
 “ How thou persisted’st after this, thou know’st,
 “ And must confess that I am not unjust,
 “ Nor more to thee than to myself injurious.
 “ *Lord R.* That I confess ; yet ever must regret
 “ ‘The grief I cannot cure.’” Would thou wert not
 Compos’d of grief and tenderness alone,
 “ But had’st a spark of other passions in thee,
 “ Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire

“ Of admiration, dear to woman-kind ;

“ These might contend with, and allay thy grief,

“ As meeting tides and currents smooth our firth.

“ *Lady R.* To such a cause the human mind oft
owes

“ Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.”

Lord R. Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm :

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment :

For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear

That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

Lady R. Oh ! rake not up the ashes of my fathers :
Implacable resentment was their crime, 81

And grievous has the expiation been.

Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives

Of either house were lost ; my ancestors

Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat

On Tiviot's pleasant banks ; and now, of them

No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,

I had not been the last of all my race.

Lord R. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love

Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.

Decent affection and complacent kindness

Were all I wish'd for ; but I wish'd in vain.

Hence with the less regret my eyes behold

The storm of war that gathers o'er this land :

If I should perish by the Danish sword,

Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

Lady R. Thou dost not think so : woeful as I am,

I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither go'st thou now ?

Lord R. Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady R. O, may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet !
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home !

Lord R. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's
wish :

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand !
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

Lady R. " War I detest: but war with foreign foes,
" Whose manners, language, and whose looks are
 strange,
" Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
" As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
" A river here, there an ideal line,
" By fancy drawn, divide the sister kingdoms.
" On each side dwells a people similar,
" As twins are to each other ; valiant both ;
" Both for their valour famous thro' the world.
" Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
" And, if they must have war, wage distant war,

“ But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
“ Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
“ The battle is their pastime. They go forth
“ Gay in the morning, as to summer sport ;
“ When ev’ning comes, the glory of the morn,
“ The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.
“ Thus fall the prime of either hapless land ;
“ And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

“ *Lord R.* I’ll hear no more : this melody would make
“ A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
“ Sit down and weep the conquests he has made ;
“ Yea, (like a monk), sing rest and peace in heav’n
“ To souls of warriors in his battles slain.”

Lady, farewell : I leave thee not alone ; 220
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

[*Exit.*

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna’s love :
Urg’d by affection, I have thus presum’d
To interrupt your solitary thoughts ;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

Lady R. So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state :
But sure I am, since death first prey’d on man,
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
In early youth, the husband of your heart ?

Lady R. Oh!

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
Forgive me, Lady: humble though I am,
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:
So fervently I love you, that to dry
These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away. 240

Lady R. What power directed thy unconscious
tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name——

Anna. I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress tremble,
I will speak so no more: but silent mix
My tears with hers.

Lady R. No, thou shalt not be silent.

I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?
Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive?

Anna. What means my noble mistress?

Lady R. Did'st thou not ask what had my sorrows
been,

If I in early youth had lost a husband?—
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
Mangl'd with wounds, the husband of my youth;
And in some cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his.—— 260

Anna. Oh! Lady most rever'd!

The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady R. Alas ! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother should in battle save
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe :
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
To see the vaunted sister of his friend,
Impatient, Douglas to Balarmo came,
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd ;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd :
My brother's presence authoris'd our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles ; and with him,
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told
That the false stranger was lord Douglas' son.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity !
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulph of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas ! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durst own a truth so hardy !

Lady R. The first truth
Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
This precious moral from my tragic tale.—
In a few days the dreadful tidings came
That Douglas and my brother both were slain.
My lord ! my life ! my husband !—mighty God !
What had I done to merit such affliction ?

Anna. My dearest lady ! many a tale of tears
I've listen'd to ; but never did I hear 300
A tale so sad as this.

Lady R. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
As women wish to be who love their lords.
But who durst tell my father ? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell :
They two alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confident I had,
Set out with him to reach her sister's house :
But nurse, nor infant have I ever seen,
Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.
“ My murder'd child !—had thy fond Mother fear'd
“ The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
“ Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
“ And wander'd with thee through the scorning
world.”

Anna. Not seen nor heard of ! then perhaps he lives.

Lady R. No. It was dark December; wind and rain
Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road ; and in its swelling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.

“ Oh ! hapless son of a most hapless sire !

“ But they are both at rest ; and I alone

“ Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,

“ Like a guilt-troubled ghost, my painful rounds ;”

Nor has despiteful fate permitted me

The comfort of a solitary sorrow.

Though dead to love, I was compell'd to wed

Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms ;

And Randolph now possesses the domains,

That by Sir Malcolm's death on me devolv'd ;

Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n

A baron's title and a baron's power.

“ Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd

“ The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.

“ And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,

“ Which shines and disappears ; alas ; my child !

“ How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope

“ Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.

“ Year after year hath worn her hope away ;

“ But left still undiminish'd her desire.

“ *Anna.* The hand that spins th' uneven thread of
life,

“ May smooth the length that's yet to come of yours.

“ *Lady R.* Not in this world ; I have consider'd well

“ It's various evils, and on whom they fall.

“ Alas ! how oft does goodness wound itself ?

“And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.”

Oh! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!

Had some good angel op'd to me the book

Of Providence, and let me read my life,

My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum

Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

Anna. That God, whose ministers good angels are,
Hath shut the book, in mercy to mankind;

But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes:

I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,

And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady R. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's
heir?

Lady R. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's
virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind

An artificial image of himself:

And he with ease can vary to the taste

Of different men, its features. “Self-denied,

“And master of his appetites he seems:

“But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,

“Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.

“Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,

“As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.”

Yet is he brave and politic in war,

And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter.

Stay, and detain him till I reach the castle.

[Exit Lady RANDOLPH.

Anna. Oh happiness! where art thou to be found?
I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,
Tho' grac'd with grandeur and in wealth array'd:
Nor dost thou, it would seem with virtue dwell;
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?
Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.

Anna. Would that I were, e'en as thou say'st, a
seer,

To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd!

Glen. What dost thou doubt of? What hast thou
to do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be questioned: think of these good gifts;
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?
But I must follow; this revolving day
Awakes the mem'ry of her antient woes. Exit ANNA.

Glen. [solus] So!—Lady Randolph shuns me; by
and by

I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides.
The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r
The season is most apt; my sounding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.

Randolph has liv'd too long : his better fate
 Had the ascendant once, and kept me down :
 When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
 Rescu'd, and had the lady for his labour ;
 I'scap'd unknown ; a slender consolation !
 Heav'n is my witness that I do not love
 To sow in peril, and let others reap
 The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe :
 By love or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
 Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
 And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
 The way of woman's will I do not know :
 But well I know the Baron's wrath is deadly.
 I will not live in fear : the man I dread
 Is as a Dane to me : ay, and the man
 Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
 No bar but he ; she has no kinsman near ;
 No brother in his sister's quarrel bold ;
 And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
 I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon.

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Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Court, &c. Enter Servants and a Stranger at one door,
and Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA at another.*

Lady Randolph.

WHAT means this clamour? Stranger, speak secure;
Hast thou been wrong'd? Have these rude men pre-
sum'd

To vex the weary traveller on his way?

F. Ser. By us no stranger ever suffered wrong:
This man with outcry wild has called us forth;
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Enter Lord RANDOLPH and a young man, with their
swords drawn and bloody.*

Lady R. Not vain the stranger's fears! how fares
my lord.

Lord R. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant
youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me:
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And mocking danger, made my foes his own.

They turn'd upon him, but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady R. My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you not learn'd of him, whom we should thank?
Whom call the saviour of lord Randolph's life?

Lord R. I ask'd that question, and he answered not:
But I must know, who my deliverer is.

[*To the Stranger.*]

Stran. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord R. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobl'd
By the great King of kings! thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero, by the sovereign hand
Of Nature! blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Stran. My name is Norval: on the Grampion hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.

For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And Heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led.
'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe. 60
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:——
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?

My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.

I will present thee to our Scottish king,

Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.

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Ah! my Matilda, wherefore starts that tear?

Lady R. I cannot say: for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.

I joy that thou art safe; and I admire

Him and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy safety;

Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.

Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,

Bent upon peril, in the range of death

Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword

To gain distinction which his birth denied.

In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,

And gain'd with all his valour, but oblivion.

Now, grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more

Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope

He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown

Are brought within the compass of his sword;

On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,

And bless'd the wonder-working Lord of Heaven.

Lord R. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!

My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.

Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,

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In honour and command shall Norval be.

Nor. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,

In speech and manners ; never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence : yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast, which makes me
bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady R. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be
My knight ; and ever, as thou didst to day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord R. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply.

[To NORVAL.]

We are thy debtors still ! Thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air 120
With brandish'd swords.

Nor. Let us be gone, my lord.

Lord R. [To Lady RANDOLPH.] About the time
that the declining sun
Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest ; my tent I pitch
Tomorrow in the field. Prepare the feast,
Free is his heart who for his country fights :
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure : sweetest then,

When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt RANDOLPH and NORVAL.*

Lady R. His parting words have struck a fatal truth.
Oh, Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has Heaven annex'd to those swift-passing hours
Of love and fondness. "Then my bosom's flame
"Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear
"Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd." 140

Anna. May gracious Heav'n pour the sweet balm
of peace
Into the wounds that fester in your breast!
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady R. One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow;—
A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?
At every happy parent I repine!
How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born:
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas! alas! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth

Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look 60
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady R. Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even there
mine eye
Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow;
I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
And pair'd with him in features and in shape.
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.
Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger wand'ring from his home,
And like an orphan cast upon my care.
I will protect thee, said I to myself,
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure Heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve.
You must, my noble dame, exert your power:
You must awake: devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady R. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work
Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
If I deter him not; I only can.
Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware
How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.
" 'Tis pleasing to admire! most apt was I
" To this affection in my better days;

“ Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir’d
 “ Within the narrow compass of my woe.
 “ Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
 “ Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,
 “ To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow ;
 “ Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,
 “ And, though still living, die to scent and beauty ?
 “ Emblem of me ; affliction, like a storm,
 “ Hath kill’d the forward blossom of my heart.”

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?

Lady R. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base—

Glen. I have ; and that the villains may not ’scape,
 With a strong band I have begirt the wood. 180
 If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
 And torture force from them th’important secret,
 Whether some foe of Randolph hir’d their swords,
 Or if—

Lady R. That care becomes a kinsman’s love.

I have a counsel for Glenalvon’s ear. [*Exit Anna.*]

Glen. To him your counsels always are commands.

Lady R. I have not found so ; thou art known to me.

Glen. Known !

Lady R. And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know ? By the most blessed cross,
 You much amaze me. No created being,
 Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady R. Is guilt so bold ? and dost thou make a
 merit

Of thy pretended meekness? This to me,
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that,
An outcast beggar, and unpitied too:
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind!
Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
If he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd;
For mortals know that love is still their lord,
And o'er their vain resolves advances still:
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
Through the dry heath before the fanning wind.

Lady R. Reserve these accents for some other ear.
To love's apology I listen not.
Mark thou my words; for it is meet thou shouldst.
His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.
Perhaps his presence may not please thee well;
But, at thy peril, practise ought against him:
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in Randolph;
Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.

The friendless stranger my protection claims :
 His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [Exit.

Glen. Child that I was to start at my own shadow,
 And be the shallow fool of coward conscience !
 I am not what I have been ; what I should be.
 The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
 In holy legends and religious tales,
 I should conclude there was an arm above —
 That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
 To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
 Why, rape and murder are not simple means !
 Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse ;
 And the intended murder introduc'd
 A favourite to hide the sun from me ;
 And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell !
 This were thy center, if I thought she loved him !
 'Tis certain she contemns me ; nay, commands me,
 And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
 In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd ?
 Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity ?
 Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
 More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,
 Rise up, and fill my bosom with your fires
 “ And policy remorseless ? Chance may spoil
 “ A single aim ; but perseverance must
 “ Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words :
 “ Persistive wisdom is the fate of man.”
 Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
 Like the red moon when rising in the east,

Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Court, &c. as before. Enter ANNA.

Anna.

THY vassals, grief, great nature's order break,
And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour,
Whilst lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
Of gracious Heaven who love the human race,
Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
With images celestial, such as please
The blest above upon their golden beds.

Enter Servant.

Ser. One of the vile assassins is secur'd.
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations he denies

All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
In the most secret places of his garment;
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart,
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name! 21
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

[*Exit Anna.*

Enter Servants with a Prisoner.

Pris. I know no more than does the child unborn
Of what you charge me with.

1st Ser. You say so, Sir!
But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
Behold, the lady of lord Randolph comes:
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude, before
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady R. Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate
heart,
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

[*The Prisoner kneels.*

Pris. Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet and
mild!
A judge like thee makes innocence more bold,
Oh, save me, lady! from these cruel men,

Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment-seat of Heaven, 40
The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady R. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye produce?

1st Ser. We found him lurking in the hollow glynn.
When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled,
We overtook him, and enquir'd from whence
And what he was: he said he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not satisfied with this, we search'd his clothes,
And found these jewels, whose rich value plead
Most pow'rfully against him. Hard he seems,
And old in villainy. Permit us try
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. Oh, gentle lady! by your lord's dear life;
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail;
And by your children's welfare, spare my age!
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady R. Account for these; thine own they cannot be:
For these, I say: be stedfast to the truth; 60
Detected falshood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the Servants and returns.*]

Pris. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R. Oh! Anna hear!—once more I charge thee
 speak

The truth direct; for these to me foretel
 And certify a part of thy narration;
 With which, if the remainder tallies not,
 An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just
 As if you were the minister of heaven,
 Sent down to search the secret sins of men:—
 Some eighteen years ago I rented land
 Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarino's lord;
 But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
 All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
 (Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
 Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
 Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
 In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
 Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
 One stormy night, as I remember well,
 The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
 Red came the river down, and loud and oft
 The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
 At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
 Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
 To where the circling eddy of a pool,
 Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
 My reach, whatever floating thing the stream
 Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost:
 But looking sad and earnest on the waters,

By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
A basket : soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady R. Was he alive ?

Pris. He was.

Lady R. Inhuman that thou art ! 100.

How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared ?

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

Lady R. Didst thou not ?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much :
This man has not the aspect of stern murder ;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long-lost child.

Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
And such a man was I ; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity :
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R. Ha ! dost thou say so ; then perhaps he lives !

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R. O God of Heav'n ! did he then die so lately ?

Pris. I did not say he died ; I hope he lives.

Not many days ago these eyes beheld 121

Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R. Where is he now ?

Pris. Alas ! I know not where.

Lady R. Oh, fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler,
speak

Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

Anna. “Permit me, ever honour’d! Keen impa-
tience,

“Though hard to be restrain’d, defeats itself.”—

Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,

To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my
shame;

Within the cradle where the infant lay,

Was stow’d a mighty store of gold and jewels;

Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,

From all the world this wonderful event,

And like a peasant breed the noble child.

That none might mark the change of our estate,

We left the country, travell’d to the north,

Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth

Our secret wealth. But God’s all-seeing eye

Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.

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For one by one all our own children died,

And he, the Stranger, sole remain’d the heir

Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,

Who with a father’s fondness lov’d the boy,

Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,

With his own secret: but my anxious wife,

Foreboding evil, never would consent.

Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;

And, as we oft observ’d, he bore himself,

Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;

For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the forward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent ;
But all in vain ; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

Lady R. Eternal Providence ! What is thy name ?

Pris. My name is Norval ; and my name he bears.

Lady R. 'Tis he ! 'tis he himself ! It is my son ! 160
Oh, sovereign mercy ! 'Twas my child I saw !
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports : “ ne’er was woman’s
heart

“ Prov’d with such fierce extremes. High fated dame ! ”
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes ; your gestures may be seen
Impassion’d, strange ; perhaps your words o’erheard.

Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna : Heav’n be-
stow

On me that wisdom which my state requires.

“ *Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,
“ And soon you must resolve. This useful man
“ Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
“ Shall with his brave deliverer return.”

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judg’d,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master ;
The child I rescu’d from the flood is thine.

Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain,
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm ;

The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine. 180

Pris. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man,
My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!

Lady R. Thy words surprize me : sure thou dost
not feign !

The tear stands in thine eye ; such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not ; if aright
Thou told's the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower ;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master.
But ah ! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world ;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame :
May Heav'n so judge me as I judge my master !
And God so love me as I love his race !

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut, 200
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron ?

Pris. I remember the cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean :
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth :
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,

'Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days ;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.
Remember well my words ; if thou shouldst meet
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so ;
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest,
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame ? 220
To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear these jewels in his arms,
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
To light the secret of his noble birth,

[*Lady RANDOLPH goes towards the Servants.*]

Lady R. This man is not th' assassin you suspected,
Though chance combin'd some likelihoods against
him.

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*]

My faithful Anna ! dost thou share my joy ?
I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event !
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son !

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father,
 Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
 For such a gift! What does my Anna think
 Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
 How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
 Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown
 him, 240

And tower'd up to the region of his sire!

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
 Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord
 Of pow'rful instinct, drew you to your own-

Lady R. The ready story of his birth believ'd
 Supprest my fancy quite; nor did he owe
 To any likeness my so sudden favour:
 But now I long to see his face again,
 Examine every feature, and find out
 The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
 But most of all I long to let him know
 Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
 And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
 In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
 And in observers stir conjectures strange.
 "For, if a cherub in the shape of woman
 Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
 "Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train."— 260
 To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady R. He did so, Anna! well thy mistress knows
 If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
 Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be

With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret, and consult with him :
For wise he is, or my fond judgement errs.
As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
Array'd in Nature's ease : his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Up rose the hero ; on his piercing eye
Sat observation ; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd, as the thunderbolt
Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still :

Benold Glenalvon

280

Lady R. Now I shun him not.

This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval :

Perhaps too far : at least my nicer fears

For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Noble dame !

The hovering Dane at last his men hath landed :

No band of pirates ; but a mighty host,

That come to settle where their valour conquers :

To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady R. But whence comes this intelligence, Glenalvon ?

Glen. A nimble courier sent from yonder camp,
 To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
 Inform'd me as he pass'd, that the fierce Dane
 Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
 "Near to that place where the sea rock immense,
 "Amazing bass, looks o'er a fertile land.

"*Lady R.* Then must this western army march to
 join

"The warlike troops that guard Edena's tow'rs.

"*Glen.* Beyond all question. If impairing time
 "Has not effac'd the image of a place, 300
 "Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
 "Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
 "And seems by nature formed for the camp
 "Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength
 "Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse :
 "If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
 "There inaccessible their army lies
 "To our swift-scow'ring horse, the bloody field
 "Must man to man, and foot to foot be fought."

Lady R. How many mothers shall bewail their sons !
 How many widows weep their husbands slain !
 Ye dames of Denmark, ev'n for you I feel.
 Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
 Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
 Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
 Come, as I hope, to meet their father's fate.
 The monster war, with her infernal brood,
 Loud-yelling fury and life-ending pain,

Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul. 320

Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death ;
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady R. I scorn thee not but when I ought to scorn ;
Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
Against audacious vice asserts herself.

I own thy worth, Glenalvon ; none more apt
Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
And be the echo of thy martial fame.

No longer vainly feed a guilty passion :

Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.

Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.

When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.

I am your convert ; time will shew how truly :

Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.

That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,

Somewhat too haughtily defy'd your slave,

Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend, 340

And turn death from him, with a guardian arm,

“ Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not

“ At the tumultuous uproar of the field.”

Lady R. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend :

But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,

The truly generous is the truly wise ;

And he who loves not others lives unblest.

[Exit Lady RANDOLPH.]

Glen. [solus.] Amen ! and virtue is its own reward !

I think that I have hit the very tone
 In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
 How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,
 And woman also! flattery direct
 Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
 Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,
 And opes the wicket of the human heart.
 How far I have succeeded now, I know not.
 Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
 Is lull'd awhile; 'tis her alone I fear;
 Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith
 And amity, uncertain is my tenure. 360
 "Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,
 "By that weak air, a peevish female's will.
 "I am not idle; but the ebbs and flows
 "Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated."
 That slave of Norval's I have found most apt:
 I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
 To say and swear whatever I suggest.
 Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
 'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
 To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
 Who are, like lady Randolph, full of virtue.
 In raising Randolph's jealousy, I may
 But point him to the truth. He seldom errs,
 Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Lord RANDOLPH attended.

Lord Randolph.

SUMMON an hundred horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady R. Alas, my Lord! I've heard unwelcome
news;

The Danes are landed.

Lord R. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil :
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed : we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady R. Dreadful times!

Lord R. The fenceless villages are all forsaken ;
The trembling mothers, and their children lodg'd
In wall-girt towers and castles ; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady R. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish
host!

Lord R. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it through : 20

Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files :
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The husband, and the fearless father arm.
In vulgar breasts heroic ardor burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady R. Men's minds are temper'd, like their
swords, for war ;

" Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
" They joy to rear erect their daring forms.
" Hence, early graves; hence, the lone widow's life ;
" And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age."

Where is our gallant guest?

Lord R. Down in the vale
I left him, managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
Of every rider. But behold he comes,
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter NORVAL and GLENALVON.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise ; go forth,
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale :
Private I travel to the royal camp : 40
Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man !
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms, as I o'erheard to day ?
War is no village science, nor its phrase
A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.

Nor. Small is the skill my Lord delights to praise

In him he favours. Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd ; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With rev'rence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, entering on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth ; 60
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th'usurping infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters :
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts ;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand Jan^y 4. 1791.

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His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and ast his young encounters.
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the warlike hosts;
Describ'd the assault, and explain'd the use
Of the deep trench, and the lengthen'd line,
The round, the point, and the pealant firm.
For all that I have seen of Christian warfare
Of wars that are to us no more unknown.

B.R.I.T.I.S.H. MUSEUM



DOUGLAS.

— in the smooth green turf

He cut the figures of the marshald hosts,

1774.

Scot.

Graham del.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand Jan^y 4. 1791.

Lord R. Why did this soldier in a desert hide
Those qualities, that should have grac'd a camp?

Nor. That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port, 80
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty pow'r!
The soldier cried, my brother! Oh my brother!

Lady R. His brother!

Nor. Yes; of the same parents born;
His only brother. They exchange'd forgiveness:
And happy in my mind was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady R. To what mysterious woes are mortals born!
In this dire tragedy were there no more 100
Unhappy persons? Did the parents live?

Nor. No, they were dead; kind Heav'n had clos'd
their eyes,
Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

Lord R. Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame!
There is a destiny in this strange world,

Which oft decrees an undeserved doom.

Let schoolmen tell us why——From whence these
sounds? [Trumpets at a distance.

Enter an Officer.

Off. My lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn:
The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord R. Mine ancient guest! Does he the warriors
lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?

Off. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord R. Glenalvon, go.
With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief. [Exit Glenalvon.

Off. My lord, requests are vain.
He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach. 120

Lord R. May victory sit on the warrior's plume!
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the ancient world;
Contemners they of indolence and gain;
But still, for love of glory and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift,
Against each strong antagonist, the spear.

I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[Exit with the Officer.]

Lady R. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp
Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

Nor. Ah! should they not?
Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house!
I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand; 140
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady R. There is a generous spirit in thy breast,
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
This way with me; under yon spreading beech,
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Nor. Let there be danger, Lady, with the secret,
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady R. Know'st thou these gems?

Nor. Durst I believe mine eyes,
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady R. Thy father's, say'st thou? Ah, they were
thy father's!

Nor. I saw them once, and curiously enquir'd
Of both my parents, whence such splendor came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady R. Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's
son.

Nor. Not Norval's son!

Lady R. Nor of a shepherd sprung. 160

Nor. Lady, who am I then?

Lady R. Noble thou art;

For noble was thy sire.

Nor. I will believe——

Oh, tell me farther! Say, who was my father?

Lady R. Douglas!

Nor. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady R. His younger brother.

Nor. And in yonder camp?

Lady R. Alas!

Nor. You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!

Lives my brave father?

Lady R. Ah! too brave, indeed!

He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Nor. Ah me, unhappy! Ere I saw the light!

But does my mother live? I may conclude,

From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady R. She lives; but wastes her life in constant

woe,

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost,

Nor. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears 181

Bewail their destiny, now have compassion

Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd.

Oh, tell me who and where my mother is!

Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends

Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;

And, desolate, implores of Heaven the aid

Her son should give. It is, it must be so——
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword——
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady R. Thy virtue ends her woes—My son! my
son!

I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!

[Falls upon his neck.]

Nor. Oh, heaven and earth? how wond'rous is my
fate!

Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel!

Lady R. Image of Douglas! fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy sire, I pay to thee.

Nor. Respect and admiration still possess me.

Checking the love and fondness of a son:

Yet I was filial to my humble parents.

200

But did my sire surpass the rest of men,

As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady R. Arise, my son. In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd.

The autumn of my days is come already:

For sorrow made my summer haste away,

Yet in my prime I equall'd not thy father:

His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes

Liker the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won

All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Nor. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field
When Douglas died. Oh, I have much to ask!

Lady R. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthened tale
Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.

At present this—Thou art the rightful heir
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
Which now lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.
But thou shalt not be wrong'd ; I have the power
To right thee still. Before the King I'll kneel,
And call lord Douglas to protect his blood. 220

Nor. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady R. But we shall need both friends and favour,
boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Nor. To be the son of Douglas is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady R. Thou dost not know what perils and
injustice

Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son !
The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas,
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.
The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
Perhaps has scorn'd thee in the youthful sports,
Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain.
Such contumely thou no more shalt bear :
But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs 240
Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
That we should part before yon chiefs return.

Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before
 This casual opportunity arose
 Of private conference. Its purport mark;
 For as I there appoint, we meet again.
 Leave me, my son; and frame thy manners still
 To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Nor. I will remember. Where is Norval now?
 That good old man.

Lady R. At hand conceal'd he lies,
 An useful witness. But beware, my son,
 Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
 Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
 To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Nor. Has he, indeed? Then let yon false Glenal-
 von

Beware of me. [Exit.

Lady R. There burst the smother'd flame. 260
 Oh, thou all-righteous and eternal King!
 Who Father of the fatherless art call'd,
 Protect my son! Thy inspiration, Lord!
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
 Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:
 Set him on high, like them, that he may shine
 The star and glory of his native land!
 Then let the minister of death descend,
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.
 Yonder they come. How do bad women find
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt,

When I, by reason and by justice urg'd,
Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause?

Enter Lord RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord R. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady R. Be not, my lord, by his example sway'd.
Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And when you enter, speak of war no more. [*Exit.*

Lord R. 'Tis so, by heav'n! her mein, her voice,
her eye, 280
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen. He parted from her now. Behind the mount,
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord R. For sad sequester'd virtue she's renown'd.

Glen. Most true, my Lord.

Lord R. Yet this distinguish'd dame
Invites a youth, th' acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignation [*Shews a letter.*] the assassin freed,
Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded :
Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
Let no man, after me, a woman wed
Whose heart he knows he has not; though she brings
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her :

She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him;
The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames! 300

Glen. Yield not, my lord, to such afflicting thoughts;
But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
This billet must to blooming Norval go:
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;
I'll give it him refitted for his master.
In the close thicket take your secret stand;
The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge
Of their behaviour.

Lord R. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay.
Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind,
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,
Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord R. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my lord.

320

Withdraw a little! I'll accost young Norval,
And with ironical derisive counsel
Explore his spirit. If he is no more
Than humble Norval by thy favour rais'd,
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:
But if he be the favourite of the fair,
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns

Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord R. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let my
lord

His rising wrath restrain. [Exit Randolph.

'Tis strange, by Heav'n!

That she should run full tilt her fond career

To one so little known. She too that seem'd

Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd,

Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,

Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!

Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!

Enter NORVAL.

His port I love; he's in a proper mood 340

To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. [Aside.

Has Norval seen the troops?

Nor. The setting sun

With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;

And as the warriors mov'd each polish'd helm,

Corslet, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.

The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,

Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd

An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host

In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Nor. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,

My speech will be less ardent. Novelty

Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration

Vents itself freely; since no part is mine

Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave Sir; your martial
deeds

Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me,
Norval;

Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service. 360

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.

Give them all honour: seem not to command;

Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,

Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Nor. Sir, I have been accustomed all my days

To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:

And tho' I have been told that there are men

Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,

Yet in such language I am little skill'd.

Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,

Although it sounded harshly. Why remind

Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power

With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean

To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Nor. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.

Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,

I will not leave you to its rash direction.

If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men, 380

Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Nor. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes; if you presume

To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
What will become of you?

Nor. If this were told!—— [Aside.

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Nor. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Nor. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Nor. So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Nor. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie: and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Nor. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but as I am, 402
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to com-
mand

Ten thousand slaves like thee——

Nor. Villain, no more!

Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause;

But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Hold, I command you both. The man that
stirs

Makes me his foe.

Nor. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my Lord ; he's wond'rous conde-
scending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval! 420

Nor. Now you may scoff in safety.
[*Sheaths his Sword.*]

Lord R. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other ; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Nor. Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak ; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege-lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage : but ev'n him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord ;
Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice :
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land

Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms 440
Repel the bold invader : then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Nor. And I.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The banquet waits.

Lord R. We come.

(Exit with Servant.)

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Sooth thou thy brow ;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Nor. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment.
When we contend again, our strife is mortal. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter DOUGLAS.

Douglas.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove ;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene !
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way

Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves! 460
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in ought believed,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old NORVAL.

Old Nor. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me
hence?

His just reproach I fear.

[Douglas turns aside and sees him.]

Forgive, forgive,
Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir, a shepherd's son?

Doug. Kneel not to me; thou art my father still:
Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.
Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

Old Nor. And dost thou call me father; Oh, my son!
I think that I could die, to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth. 480

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend; and when my vassals bow,
Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

Nor. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. Oh, leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers!

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Nor. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Old Nor. I will inform you how:

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds 500
Of earnest voices. On the persons came.
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon. Still of you they spoke,
And of the lady; threat'ning was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Old Nor. For being what you are,
Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose,
But I could think of none. At last, perplex'd,

I issued forth, encompassing the tower
 With many a wearied step and wishful look.
 Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
 Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
 The caution which I give.

520

Doug. I scorn it not.
 My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness;
 But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
 In our encounter with the vile assassins,
 I mark'd his brave demeanour; him I'll trust.

Old Nor. I fear you will, too far.

Doug. Here in this place
 I wait my mother's coming: she shall know
 What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow.
 And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
 You must depart: your presence may prevent
 Our interview.

Old Nor. My blessing rest upon thee!
 Oh, may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the
 wave,
 And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
 Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,
 All upon mine!

[Exit.

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
 And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,
 Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
 Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
 Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
 Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
 Never to thrive, child of another soil;

540

Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers,
Ye glorious stars! high Heaven's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out I will accept;
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady R. My son! I heard a voice——

Doug. The voice was mine.

Lady R. Didst thou complain aloud to Nature's ear,
That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet?

[*Embracing him.*

Doug. No; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy. 561

Lady R. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise——

Doug. First, let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady R. My heart forebodes some evil.

Doug. 'Tis not good——
At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
Their conversation; oft they mention'd me

With dreadful threat'nings ; you they sometimes
nam'd.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry ;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady R. Defend us, gracious God ! we are betray'd :
They have found out the secret of thy birth :
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own,
And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait 580
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee !
Fly to the camp, my son !

Doug. And leave you here ?
No : to the castle let us go together.
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady R. Oh, Nature, Nature ! what can check thy
force ?
Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas !
But rush not on destruction : save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.

Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way, 600
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to lord Douglas;
Shew him these jewels which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by a certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me, and obey : but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
Our foes are two ; no more : let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady R. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part :
Long wert thou lost ; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets :
To-day I've found thee. Oh ! my long-lost hope !
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the reign, 620
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world ! My son, remember me !

Doug. What shall I say ? How can I give you
comfort ?

The God of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you ! for whose dear sake

I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
 But yet consider, as no vulgar name,
 That which I boast, sounds amongst martial men,
 How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
 The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
 My country's foes must witness who I am.
 On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,
 'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
 If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
 Who, if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

Lady R. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
 Too well I love that valour which I warn. 640
 Farewel, my son! my counsels are but vain,

[*Embracing.*

And as high Heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.

[*Separate.*

Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;
 I'll point it out again. [*Just as they are separating,*

Enter from the wood Lord RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord R. Not in her presence.

Now——

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord R. No: I command thee stay.

I go alone: it never shall be said

That I took odds to combat mortal man.

The noblest vengeance is the most compleat. *Exit.*

[*GLENALVON makes some steps to the same side of
 the stage, listens and speaks.*

Glen. Demons of death come settle on my sword,

H

And to a double slaughter guide it home !

The lover and the husband both must die.

Lord R. [*Behind the scenes.*] Draw, villain ! draw !

Doug. [*Without.*] Assail me not, lord Randolph ;
Not as thou lov'st thyself. [*Clashing of swords.*]

Glen. [*Running out.*] Now is the time.

*Enter Lady RANDOLPH, at the opposite side of the stage,
faint and breathless.*

Lady R. Lord Randolph, hear me ; all shall be
thine own !

But spare ! Oh, spare my son !

680

Enter DOUGLAS, with a sword in each hand.

Doug. My mother's voice !
I can protect thee still.

Lady R. He lives, he lives ;
For this, for this to Heav'n eternal praise !
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon,
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me ; but I slew him.

Lady R. Behind thee ! ah ! thou'rt wounded ! Oh,
my child,
How pale thou look'st ! And shall I lose thee now ?

Doug. Do not despair ; I feel a little faintness ;
I hope it will not last. [*Leans upon his sword.*]

Lady R. There is no hope !
And we must part ! The hand of death is on thee !

Oh! my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas!

[DOUGLAS growing more and more faint.

Doug. Too soon we part: I have not long been
Douglas;

O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me;
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I've liv'd.

Lady R. Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like
this?

860

Doug. Oh! had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle!
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death:
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady R. Hear justice; hear! stretch thy avenging
arm.

[DOUGLAS falls.

Doug. Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me.
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady R. Despair, despair!

Doug. Oh, had it pleas'd high Heav'n to let me live
A little while!—my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother—O! my mother! [Dies.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lord R. Thy words, thy words of truth, have
pierc'd my heart;

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.

Oh! if my brave deliverer survives

The traitor's sword——

700

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord R. The mother and her son! How curst I am!
Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.

Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul

To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives:

The agony of grief hath but suppress'd

Awhile her powers.

Lord R. But my deliverer's dead;

“The world did once esteem lord Randolph well,

“Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd:

“And, in my early days, glory I gain'd

“Beneath the holy banner of the cross.

“Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me;

“Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,

“Are near at hand: for all mankind will think

“That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir.”

Lady R. [*Recovering.*] Where am I now? Still in
this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

“My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's strength,

“With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow;

“And train'd me on to be the object now,

“On which Omnipotence displays itself,

“Making a spectacle, a tale of me,

“To awe it's vassal, man.”

Lord R. Oh, misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
My innocence.

Lady R. Thy innocence!

Lord R. My guilt

Is innocence compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady R. Of thee I think not : what have I to do
With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee and of thy valour! my fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
And bear my brother's and my husband's name :
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!

What am I now?—I know.—But I shall be
That only whilst I please; for such a son
And such a husband drive me to my fate. [*Runs out.*

Lord R. Follow her, Anna: I myself would follow,
But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

[*Exit ANNA.*

Enter Old NORVAL.

Old Nor. I heard the voice of woe: Heaven guard
my child!

Lord R. Already is the idle gaping crowd,
The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.
Begone.

Old Nor. I fear thee not. I will not go.
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, lord,

With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.
Oh, noblest youth that ever yet was born!
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
That ever blest the world! Wretch that I am,
Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it,
Yet never was by all thy virtues won
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above
The villain's snare. Oh! I am punish'd now!
These are the hairs that should have strew'd the
ground,
And not the locks of Douglas.

[Tears his hair, and throws himself upon the body of Douglas.]

Lord R. I know thee now: "thy boldness I forgive:
"My crest is fallen." For thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward, altho' I cannot punish.
Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well, 770
Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. My lord! My lord!

Lord R. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror, indeed!

Lord R. Matilda?

Anna. Is no more :

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd, 780
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks : thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
And headlong down——

Lord R. 'Twas I alas ! 'twas I
That fill'd her breast with fury ; drove her down
The precipice of death ! Wretch that I am !

Anna. Oh, had you seen her last despairing look !
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep : then lifting up her head
And her white hands to Heaven, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this ? she plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord R. I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave ;
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes 800
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait :
For Randolph hopes he never shall return. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

*AN Epilogue I ask'd ; but not one word
Our bard will write. He vows 'tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of tragedy and make your sorrows vain.
Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
And noblest passion of the human breast :
For when its sacred streams the heart o'er-flow,
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe ;
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind him such a golden soil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
These were his words ; void of delusive art,
I felt them : for he spoke them from his heart.
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
To chase away celestial melancholy.*



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Home, John

Douglas

London 1791

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